WHERE TIME IS COUNTED BY COMING OF THE FLOWERS J. I. C. Clarke See Japan

as an Enormous Garden Set in a Frame of Mountains

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vers of flowers that the first laid hold of the magination. Stories of r festivals, fantastic rship of the cherry hly, the lotus and florafied the popular the women, the chilbright colors walking ribbed umbrellas. I L.J. panese room in the can of great wealtha mass of crimson furniture, yellow browith floreated hangflowers. Nothing like in Japan at least. anese love flowers, but

When the plum fter the frost they flock to view them and encherries bloom, in still do they sally forthd child-and revel in the d delicate pink petais parks and alleys of as if the last word of has been said. They and sit beneath the ir rice and cakes and and sing for the very

e azaleas follow in a



Gardening an Art in Mikado's Land-Tokio Famous for Its Beauty Spots

head great trees were waving lazily in the evening breeze.

We reached an open space covered with rounded river pebbles with little bowers about, a favorite playground for the host's children. At one turn a little shrine appeared. A long path ran along the side of the eminence on which the house stood just outside amid the green. The long path had an ascending stairs of its own. The view upward was verdant, gracious, restful and the sense of seclusion actual. One's gaze passed from the trunks to the branches and then to the crests of maple, oak and other trees, among them a decaying giant of former days.

The ground, you see, fell away from the house and had been treated in such a masterly way that you had, in the midst of the city, the sense of a house on a hilltop rising from a green valley with a half dozen different vistas. One view of it in which a mother's love had set her fairest flowers I was lucky enough to secure.

Tokio is famous for its great gardens. First of all there are the imperial gardens within the palace, and around the princely house of the Mikado's family without, and the gardens of the nobles. Many of these are over two hundred years old, but loving care has preserved their charm. Water in artificial lake

A corner of the palace gardens, Tokio.

when the virginal iris he lotus covers the ponds n the chrysanthemums in es and a hundred shapes he scenes of popular out trying volume. The festhings apart, preciously reared for by age won skill patience of the florist

ffair of annual celebration clad men and women the business of enjoy dren alone face the festive gay to the eye. That is charm of it-the outequally lit with merri nes of all may be. Happy who count time by of the flowers.

think of that when you oms are on the trees their stems as the r in water-as God made d a few branches and rules for displaying er three at a time in a floral adornment in its fine sym are and the true and the ht in the fleeting life nding in a vase in the maidens adore the finitely beautiful picture. That is the of new combinations of Busy men take on a en you mention it. The of transmitted life is be expected to under

great cotton mill of Ka Hyogo with thousands of l operatives, whose firm work and care taking surprising extremes erprises was a school of faced adepts, a wontheir three stemmed Taisho exposition a

table of mountains which they approach each other in the woryour thoughts the ship of beauty in nature. bed just long enough

Take this picture of green fanta: ills and narrow valleys; cover the valhe lotus covers the ponds leys with a rich, varied, broadly pat terned crazy quilt of cultivation. Ter the greater green fronds, race the hills with horizontal strips of cultivation until the slope is too great for human handlwork to conquer. Send and by and by he will have, in the down streams by leaps and jumps from the hills; make babbling rivulets and murmuring rivers through the vales seam it with narrow roads; put down villages along the sides of the hills, and you have rural Japan-arable and nonarable-a miracle garden with background of serrated and stately hills Just now its most vibrant note is green it lies under a sky of tender gray with wall. glimpses of blue and all known shapes and masses of cumulus and cirrus rious; it belongs to my son. You see with fanciful foldings of mist along the higher slopes. It is a garden.

We have looked at it from the material side of the farmer; we have noted its human song of constant, cheerful labor: we have perceived its implicaale of the Japanese love of tion of tender worship of the soil for the good things it brings forth. The peasant woman bending over in the flooded rice fields and finding and ot more than 500 years plucking the young weeds beneath the water has seemed a priestess of the god of growing plants, whose home is Mount Fuji; but now we are looking at it from the viewpoint of a great ar It is "the art of tistry. Infinite patience in furrow and quite artificial in field; infinite care of the goodly growing things have conjoined with sun and water, breeze and cloud, with stately tree, wild grass and ancient moss and rockribbed mountain to make an in-

great garden of Japan. And the gardens of Nippon, as we think of gardens, are consciously or unconsciously made on that magnificent model from the gardens of the Empero ly sacred in his eyes. down to the little gardens no larger than the tray on which the walter will bring you cooling waters-or the like more spiritously fortified-in the hour

before dinner. So a garden in Japan is not as with us primarily a place of flowers. It is a condensed landscape. It is a bit of the shore of Lake Biwa; it is a fragment of Myajima; it is Nikko in miniscule; it is Nara or Kioto or Myanoshita in little. That is to say it has woodside, waterside as its hillside, woodside, waterside as its basis. Gardening is a fine art. The offerings of thousands authority in his garden as the head surgeon in a hospital, or a chef in the kitchen of the mighty-a man to be apway of the Japanese with proached with great consideration and mass and by the season, never to be interfered with. He strained way in which longs to one of two schools that seldom place in their homes, make any fusion. One school puts the elves in the way of look- majesty of big trees at the back; of the country as a other puts them in the front. imply an enormous gar- school has its own object as to form;

were thrust upward Every tree should have its natural form. though the eccentricity of trees may rees, shrubs and grass grow be emphasized. The Japanese pine tree d, rugged, craggy, pre- for instance, unlike ours, does not grow rise in groups and ranges straight up, but has a way of bending purs and naked rocks abruptly this way and that. The Jap ading mounds. The val- anese gardener says: "All right, old sometimes fairly conifer, the more queer elbows you have the better I'll like you," and he gives

course of twenty years or so, a perfectly ravishing monstrosity that people will

among a growth of perfectly straight maples or handsome hinoki or keyaki The gardener is in fact a landscape maker, and his nursery is a curious thing. Once roaming through a village we came upon a strange looking field other hundred miles to some garden he with a score of modulations. Mostly of a couple of acres enclosed by a

"Yes," said an old farmer, "it is cuhonorable sir, he is a master gardener and does work for great people who pay him well-indeed, very well."

A small private garden. the young pine an extra twist or two, round, water washed pebbles, the like in poorest you will find a stone lantern blue with little mountains of different or two in the foreground. colored sands. There were some trees, find an outdoor belfry and a bell. Remout rocks and stones were the feature

"He comes here, does my son, at sunset and contemplates his rocks for a ong time, and again at dawn he will here looking at them. They brought to him often a hundred miles, and he will carry them it may be an s making."

Now we have the general scenic mould for Japanese gardens, the motive so to speak. But there is one very potent influence yet to mention, namely the temples. These fanes of worship be they Buddhist or Shinto, and par-What had most excited our curiosity ticularly if they are Buddhist, cling to was that all over the place were rocks, the hillsides and are embowered in monks. The point of this explanation

iniscences of the temples, thereforea miniature shrine, a stone lantern or two-will be apt to creep into the garden scheme and give it in Japanese

eyes the finishing touch.

The Buddhist priests were largely the poets of earlier Japan. The poor people worked, tilled, bought and sold The samural, the knightly men of arms practised the arts of attack and defence and formulated rules of conduct-for themselves and their class-which we know as Bushido; the daimios or great lords and the little daimios or lordlings led princely lives, and poetry and the literary art were left to the priests and some large, some small, heaps of white, trees. Even among the smallest and is that they formalized in words—the

The brook in Baron Mitsui's garden.

poets can, and monklike refined and land views of the rarest charm are ob euphemized and crystallized the expres-sion until a line of verse became so the Tokugawa Shogunate it may be refraught with allusion and symbolism called that the daimios were obliged to that it took scholarship to follow and live in Yeddo-the city's older namerealize, while a simple straight mean- every alternate year with an army of ing lay on the surface for the common mind to see and understand.

pear later) references to nature abound. and these little tragedies, tragic episodes and spiritual manifestations have ecome a great part of the classics of them to each other in their gardens in

petals dancing downward on the breeze. Like fluttering flakes of snow, make our For joy with them.

Simple, but gladdening is it seek a saddening no.e?
The sweet wild cherry blooms that grow

In Miyoshino and in Shuga too, The maple leaves of Tatsuta, and those Of Hatsuse, they should be in the ken Of those who lived beside the poet's home. And here in the first line is an

Oriental simile: he blossoms open like brocade The brimming pools are deep and blue. There is a whole literature of the tree, all the conifers indeed. What

more touching than this Blest are the very firs In that they meet To grow old together.

Every one in Japan who can at all manage it has a garden. It may be not nore than the size of a tablecloth, or it may cover a costly acre of city ground. land paths leading to bosky dells in a The shopkeeper has a hard time of it, among the huddled little houses, finding footing for even a single plant or the household pet, often killed with kindness. In private dwellings the garden is at the rear or side of the house and will have many of the features of proceed by the mass, and where we the greater gardens reduced in scale.

banking about it of a few clumps of that grows to an enormous size are th evergreens or a small tuft of a blos- favorite trees. Shrubs are treated b soming plant, little dainty touches about the mass also, a broken harmoniou-it all and a sense of completeness, the sky line of branches at the top of a theory being that the garden should acclivity with rough rocks appearing give rest and the promise of peace and their bases. Plants, flowers, shrubs at should not violently excite the senses, low notes in the composition. A dar as our gardens, with their bright masses | red maple that does not grow very high

The first garden of a private house that I saw in Tokio was more ambitious. It belonged to a well off business man whose home stood in one of the hilly quarters of the city. The house was on the street level and when the host had made me comfortable in slippers, he asked me to his garden while dinner was preparing for the honorable company. I expected to walk out on a level tract, but found myself after few paces over large, irregular flat stones set upon a carpet of green moss, descending a curving stairs whose steps were made of cross-sections of three inch trees set together and driven down. with greenery all about us, while over-

people's love of nature, as only ponds and falls is made much use of retainers. Hence every great lord in Japan was obliged to keep a costly

In the No dramas (of which we shall house in town, with rooms in outlying apartments for his followers. They were encouraged to spend cultivated Japanese, who quote with trees now of great girth and majresult was hundreds of superb gardens he hour of rest and growing dark or of none of them, for the seclusive sys-You would suspect the existence

The moon shines clear between the cherry Europe and Asia, and which is happily em that makes high walls the rule in wanting in America, prevails here where in the olden days a garden was really part of a fortress. Some sense of their beauties may be gathered from the illustrations. The remarkable fea ture of all is the sense of size and dis ance in a relatively small area.

It was my good fortune to have the ompany of Baron Mitsui in visiting the garden, or rather series of gardens that are grouped about his palace. The Baron's family have been bankers for two centuries and their name is in every notable enterprise in the coun First of all he has a beautiful lawn around the house and back of it on every side stretch the gardens. The treatment of a single pine tree standing boldly out was of one type with rock eries rising behind it and masses of flowering plnk azaleas at the side. Then on either side beyond the lawn wer woodland views with real streams purling over beds of white stone under marble bridges amid tangles of bushes beneath overhanging trees; then wood green twilight-where little houses of rustic rest invited. There were half scenic note as we walked.

The more one sees of them the more one wonders. There is a national char acter deducible from them all bank flowers they modulate trees. Pin-Sometimes there is a single tree with maple, crytomerlas and a kind of oa'

of flowers multi-colored, are apt to do. is a favorite in fore-rounds of trees. small cascades. Where water is not a rivulet is simulated by dropping bushe. along the border and pebbles alon the bed. In one of the Baron's garden stood a small temple; in another a small house for the tea ceremony; the family shrine was in another small house. still another a beautiful old wooden house brought thither intact from Kioto, where it was built more three hundred years ago. It did not appear that domestic architecture ha changed much in the interval. was the same entrance, there were the same round windows at the back that



Mr. Hayokawa's house from the garden. As showing the skill of Japanese gardeners, it is notable that this was entirely bare ground five years ago.